

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

THE OUTSIDE SHOW.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Thursday, February 14.—In one sense, a pity KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH is not an ordinary Peer of Parliament. To-day disclosed possession of rare gift of making himself heard throughout full length of House of Lords. For most Peers the gorgeous Chamber is the sepulchre of speech. Of 600 Peers there are not more than a score who are able, successfully, to fight against the triumphant faultiness of acoustical properties of the Chamber. To-day LORD CHANCELLOR had occasion to read a form of oath for the KING's subscription. Over the strained ears of brilliant assembly there floated stray words of mysterious import. Understood to be some antiquated decla-

ration administered as a dose of sour Orangeade, presumably a tonic, to newly mounted British monarchs since times of STUARTS.

When, some minutes later, LORD CHANCELLOR, gracefully kneeling, presented to his SOVEREIGN a document with broad black edge, and HIS MAJESTY began to read the lengthy speech prepared for him by his faithful Ministers, his voice, distinct, sonorous, filled the Chamber apparently without effort.

A strange unwonted scene MAJESTY looked upon seated side by side under the canopy of the Throne. Every bench on floor was filled. Masses of black where the Peeresses sat, lightened by the glow of fair countenances and the flash of peerless diamonds, contrasted with the wedges of red driven into the parterre by closely packed Peers in scarlet robes.

Long lines of ladies in deepest mourning filled the side galleries; they crowded the gallery where, in ordinary times, humbler strangers sit. Judges in their robes and full-bottomed wigs; Bishops in spotless surplices; Foreign Ministers in uniform, displaying on their breasts many strange orders. At the Bar stood the SPEAKER, with Mace in attendance. Immediately behind PRINCE ARTHUR, CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, DON JOSÉ, ST. MICHAEL; behind them the mangled remains of gentlemen of the House of Commons—all that was left after the fierce rush to get front places at the Bar, see the QUEEN (she looked younger and prettier than ever), and, for the first time in more than a generation, hear the SOVEREIGN recite his own Speech.

House of Commons.—At 4 o'clock Palace Yard crowded with ambulances,

stretchers, bath chairs and other convenient locomotive contrivances for the wounded. BURDETT COUTTS, bustling round on tour of inspection, felt quite at home. It was not the after-math of a fresh engagement in the not yet ended war. It was merely borough and county Members who had taken part in the dash on House of Lords coming back to hear Debate on Address in Commons.

Six o'clock before actual business commenced. SPEAKER took chair at 3.30: but on these occasions House likes to waste its freshest hours, rushing into dinner hour the Leader of House with speech everyone is waiting for. First there was swearing in of new Members, a performance which, if necessity he insisted upon, might equally effectually, far more conveniently, be accomplished between breakfast and luncheon in one of the Committee Rooms. Then SPEAKER read collection of musty Standing Orders which nobody but JEMMY LOWTHER minds. One supplies him with opportunity of dragging out what is now mere mummy of a joke. It prohibits, under fearsome penalties, Peers taking part in Parliamentary elections.

"All my eye," says JEMMY, readily dropping into the vernacular. "At beginning of every Session we solemnly affirm this Constitutional principle, and noble Lords, when it pleases them, absolutely ignore it and us. What does Dr. WATTS remark?"

'Tis not enough to say
You're sorry and repent,
If you go on in the same way
As you did always went.

In this case, Peers don't even plead sorrow or affect repentance. They just go on in the old way: so do we. No use barking if you can't bite. Let us abolish this futile injunction."

Much common-sense in this; admirably put in a speech once or twice heard. But JEMMY has been at it now for years, and repetition, even of a joke, palls upon frail humanity. The Member for Sark knows an old Seigneur in the adjacent island of Alderney, who has a story which turns upon the firing of a gun. On his own estate the thing works well enough. A well trained retainer, at a certain stage of dinner, fires a gun on the lawn.

"Hallo!" cries the genial host, "there's a gunshot. That reminds me."

Then comes the story. When the old gentleman is visiting at other houses the case is more difficult. But he is equal to it. In a pause in conversation he kicks the table underneath. "Hallo!" he says, "was that a gun? Now that reminds me." Then the story.

Thus our dear JEMMY. Whenever the SPEAKER, at the opening of a Session, submits Standing Order affecting Peers and Parliamentary elections, JEMMY pricks up his ears. "Hallo!" he says,

"Peers in Parliament? That reminds me," and straightway he moves to amend Standing Order.

To-night he considerably spared speech but insisted on a division, the whole performance filching more than a quarter of an hour. Then came those armed men, the Mover and Seconder of the Address, taking precedence of Leaders on both sides with prolonged utterance of pretty platitudes.

CAWMELL - BANNERMAN, at last finding his opportunity, was so demoralised that he displayed the (for him) rare weakness of taking an hour and a quarter wherein to say nothing particular. Thus it came to pass that PRINCE ARTHUR, on whose utterance the crowded House waited, had only half an hour in which to expound Ministerial policy and then was driven perilously close into the dinner hour.

Suppose at opening of next Session, as soon as the SPEAKER takes the Chair, we have the Leader of the Opposition delivering himself of his views of Government policy past, present, and future; the Leader of the House replying. Thereafter, business thus accomplished, play might commence, including JEMMY LOWTHER's tilt against the Peers, and the pained orations of the Mover and the Seconder of the Address.

Business done.—KING and QUEEN open Parliament. Address in reply to Speech moved in both Houses.

Friday Night.—Sort of haggis of debate. Remember what the appreciative Scot said about the national dish? "Some fine confused feeding in a haggis," he remarked, smacking his lips.

Talk to-night, rather confused than fine, began around pure beer; ran into the War; got back to beer; led to Army Hospitals; diverted by one Irish Member to murderous accusations against Generals, the pick of whom, the pride of all, are born Irishmen; trended by another Irish Member to scholastic mediæval definitions; finally brought back by Burdett Coutts to remarks about himself with references to War Hospital administration.

Dear level varied by brief flash of speech from Lord STANLEY. Extending experience as Chairman of Kitchen Committee; been out to the war. Applied energy in cutting down kitchen expenses by truncating war correspondents despatches. Thing struck him most in campaign was exceeding rudeness of Boers. When they went out to fight they insisted upon killing somebody. With the French poet lamenting the proclivities of the walrus, Lord STANLEY, otherwise generous in his appreciation of the Boer, deprecates his habit in the proximity of kopjes.

Cet animal est très méchant
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.

Business done.—None.

MAN PROPOSES—SO DOES WOMAN!

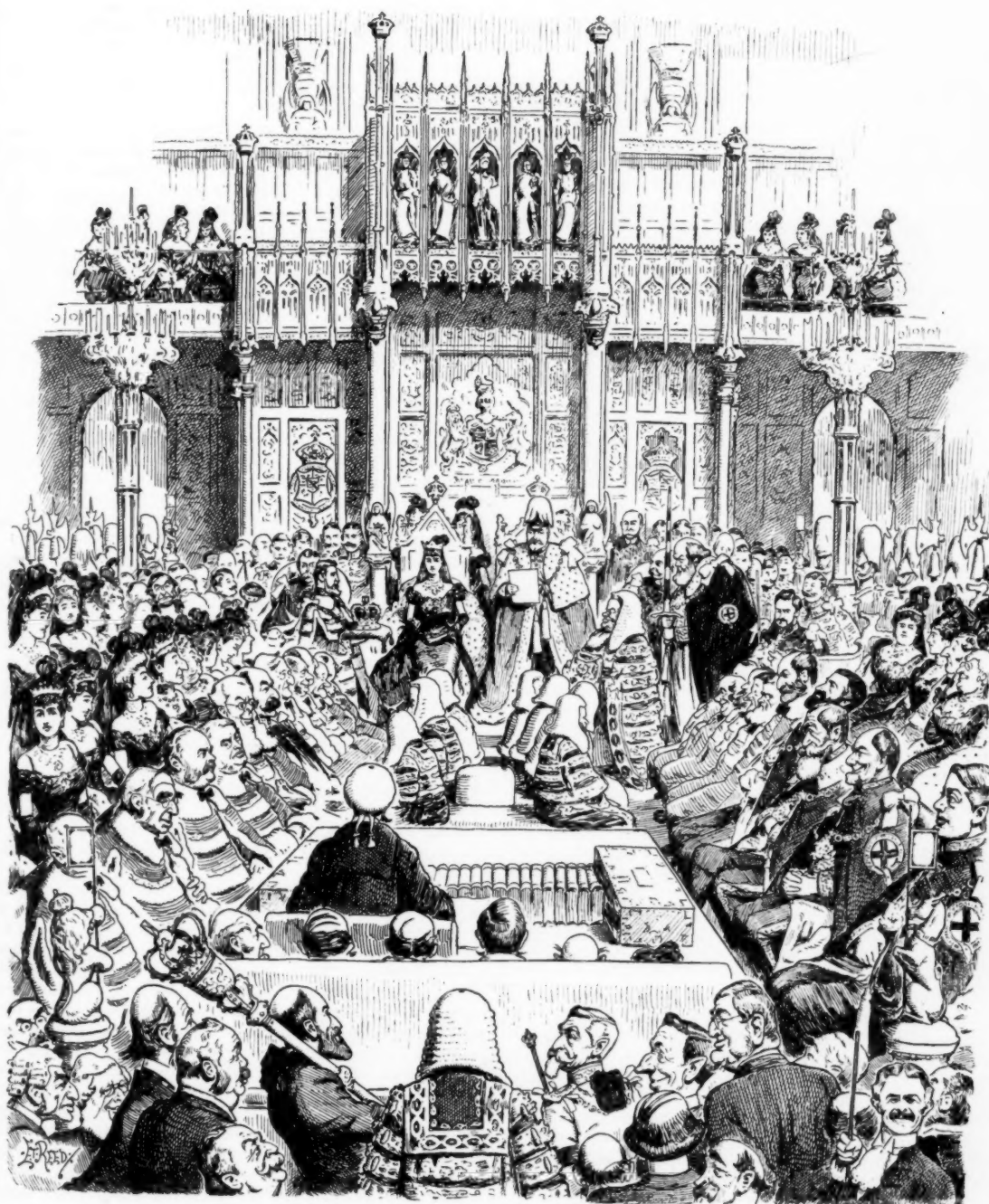
["The twentieth century will have the greatest number of leap years that a century can have."
—*Echo.*]

OH, sigh no more, neglected maid,
Who never had a single offer,
The time is coming—so 'tis said—
When you your love can freely proffer.
No lingering day by day in doubt,
Trying to fathom his intentions;
No long-drawn sigh, no angry pout,
Because he never marriage mentions.
Drownéd all your dread and deep fears
In the coming stream of leap years.
Oh, deem not your entrancing smile
A thing of nature lost for ever
In that it never did beguile
A single man, or your endeavour
To coax from man a word of praise
On your profound attainments mental,
Or grieve that false he thought your ways,
As also your arrangements dental.
Perish all your maidhood's deep fears
In the coming sea of leap years.
As year on year rolled o'er your head
And took from youth some winning grace,
You quite despaired of being wed,
Time stole the fortune from your face.
How was your heart beset by fears
When silver hairs you first did spy
When man came not—but only years,
You positively thought you'd dye.
Spinster, calm your dread and deep fears
In the many coming leap years.

The secret of your years you thought
Too hallow for a human breast.
You followed every manly sport
In bifurcated glory drest.
Unwed!—the awful, grisly cupboard
Skeleton you thought yourself,
A species of unmarried HUBBARD
Reposing quietly on the shelf.
Maidens, up! your harvest reap.
Here's
Success to you in coming leap years.

A TIP FOR LOVERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read in the papers (how do these things get there?) that the Hottentot widow who re-marries has to cut off the top-joint of a finger, and present it to her new husband. People of different colour understand one another's ways with difficulty, and this account of a primitive jointure is—in the absence of African legal commentaries—valuable as an index to the Black's tone of matrimonial ethics. No jointure, no marriage. If this custom prevailed in Europe, a doubting swain would be provided with a handy test. "M'aimes-tu?" he would murmur in the language of passion. "Je n'aime," would reply the widow, humorously but inaccurately, and she would proceed to suit the action to the word by at once nailing her man with the necessary handsel. What husband would not be happy thus monstrari digito? Yours, AD UNGUEM.



THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

(As seen "in the Mind's Eye, Horatio," of our ubiquitous artist, who is invariably "all there.")

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

II.—THE AMATORY CORRESPONDENCE SECTION.

(Continued, with further acknowledgments to the gentleman who is reputed to have composed "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.")

FEBRUARY 18TH.—Out of a gondola "I send my heart up to thee, all my heart." I want you here in Venice, to hold you by the hand and teach you things about Art not to be found even in *Baedeker*. I should be the man, and you would be the woman—in this Kingdom by the Sea, as Mr. SWINBURNE said of GEORGE SAND and DE MUSSET. You have heard of these people, beloved?

My Italian betters itself. I had a fancy, when I saw *Dogana* written up in the railway station on my arrival here, that it was the feminine of *Doge* and so should mean the Sea, because the Doges used to wed it with a ring. Of course, it was really the Custom House (*Donane*). We call our pet gondolier IPPOPOTAMO, because, for lack of cabs, he is our river-horse. Who was the old lady who complained that she did not see Venice under favourable conditions, as it was flooded? No thought but of you.

19TH.—By all means, dearest, make an armistice with your mother, and let us all go into winter-quarters. I remember, the first (and only) time I saw her, she had such an air of prophylactic maternity that I almost asked her if she knew you were out. Frankly, beloved, she is really rather an old hen; or shall we say she is most (or should it be more) like CALVERLEY'S parrot that declined to die. It was imbecile, too, you know; the very epithet your mother applied, by implication, to my mother. Still, I must love her a little, since, but for her, how could I have known you? In any case, my whole love to her son.

20TH.—MOST NEAR,—This must be a very, very short letter, as I can hear your horse's gallop in the lane. You are coming, beloved, you are coming!

I am just returned from the gate. It was the butcher's boy. I kissed his feet from mere association of ideas. You are not jealous? He is nothing, nothing to me, except that just now he seemed to take your rightful place. See, I lay my cheek on the words that will soon glow under your eyes. There, I have a black smudge on my nose, and am in mourning for myself. Lay your nose, dearest, where mine has left the paper still warm. Your impressionable.

21ST.—GRACIOUS,—This is very sudden. Your dear letter says that I must understand we parted for ever last Tuesday at 3.30 P.M. Ah! these things should not be written. Come to me, come, and with your own lips repeat this remark; and then by that very act you will belie yourself with lovely perjury. I would say much more, but my pen, for the first time within my knowledge, refuses. This must show you how strangely I am your distraught.

22ND.—Of course, my Prince, if you mean it, I must release you. But nothing shall ever make me stop writing. Do not imagine me capable of such self-effacement. There is a big empty play-box upstairs, which I am having made into a dead-letter office. There will be pigeon-holes to take the little essays which, out of my great love for you, I promise not to post. You are right in saying that I am the most generous woman you have ever met.

23RD.—GREAT HEART,—I would have you know that there are consolations. If you had let me marry you, as I have so consistently urged, that might have been the end of my love-letters. Now there is no limit set them but the grave. My pen was always jealous of your presence. Now it knows it is the dearest thing I ever grasp.

24TH.—I do not propose to outlive my happiness very long. And, indeed, my own mother died when I was seven. In one of

my letters I told you my family was long-lived on both sides. This, of course, was not true; but I wrote it just after your mother had hinted that my "stock" was not very good stuff. Your sorry.

I seek in vain for help from the grief of poets. Words! words! a tagging of epitaphs that makes me sick. "*C'est aimer peu que de pouvoir dire combien l'on aime.*" And the same with sorrow, only more so. If I thought that any eye but yours would penetrate the secret of my woe, I would destroy these letters *unwritten*; or else be more careful about the spelling of my Italian.

I cannot stain this paper with tears as I could have wished. Why will they not come at call, like ink? At each eyelid hangs one, but only semi-detached, like a Brixton villa. You see, I am not so sad but I can still compass some happy turn of thought like this. Your ever ingenious.

25TH.—BELOVED ORPHAN,—Light lie the earth on your mother's head. So short a while ago, and I would not have believed that I could one day hear of her death unmoved. Yet this morning, when the news came, I could not raise so much as a feeble smile. Well, she has had her will; and now she has "gone to her place"—not mine, let me trust. Dearest, you will never have another mother like her; nor I, it seems, a mother-in-law of any sort.

26TH.—DEAR ONLY READER (if any).—I was born with a penchant for descriptive letters, and had I meant these for the public eye I should have made your personality shine more speakingly through them. How should the world know just what you are to me from a passing reference to your cheek riding-breeches and side-whiskers? And that is so long past. By now you must have replaced the one; and the other you may have shaved away in a paroxysm of regret.

I think I could have lost you almost cheerfully if I had only been told why. One of the saddest memories of my childhood (I was two at the time) is concerned with a tale my NANA told me, of a poor wronged woman—was she a Queen of SPAIN, or somebody in TOM HOOD?—whose true love left her on a rumour that she had a wooden leg. She was condemned unheard, and the sentence was practically capital. Like me, she never even knew the charge against her; partly for the stringency of etiquette, and in part through the proper sensitiveness of her lover, who must, I think, a little have resembled you, beloved.

As a child—perhaps already nursing my woman's seed of uncomplaining sorrow—the story touched me poignantly. ARTHUR, on the other hand, who also was present at its telling, has no memory of it. But then he was my junior, being barely out of long-clothes.

28TH.—MOST STOLID,—This is my last letter, positively. The doctors give me till to-morrow to break up. Are you interested to learn the cause? No? Then I must still tell you. *I am dying of Curiosity*. It is the woman's ruling passion—that, and love-letter-writing in my case—strong even to the death.

Many unsolicited answers to our conundrum—yours and mine, beloved, for all that is yours is mine—have been sent in to me by good-natured people, perfect strangers to me, most of them. One writes, quite gently, hazarding the theory that you were bored by me. Well meant, but manifestly absurd. Another guesses that, suddenly, you had recognised your own mother's madness, and shrank from reproducing it. Some of these solutions are too paltry to repeat; and one of them unmentionable on other grounds.

In my secret heart—it may have been through unconscious association with the story of the wooden leg—I half believe that when I called your attention, perhaps with too careless a pride, to the Norman tint in my veins, you gathered, from the eloquence of my love, that their blueness was really due to the presence of ink in my blood. Well, whatever—I would shed its last drop for you. Your always most effusive. O. S.

'VARSITY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

VI.

I OFTEN wonder how it falls,
Despite my best endeavour,
That I am doomed to fail in Smalls
Forever and forever.

At first, my philosophic mind
Was tempted by the beauty
Of PLATO, whom I then combined
With CIC. *de Senectute*;

And when I failed my tutor said,
"If you're advised by me, Sir,"
For these you'll substitute instead,
Say, XENOPHON and CÆSAR."

And so, with KELLY close at call,
I read these war-reporters,
And tried to understand how Gaul
Is halved into three-quarters.

These failing, next I took in hand
Their (so to speak) antipodes,
In HORACE, Smartly rendered, and
(COLERIDGE my aid) EURIPIDES.

But finding I could not extract
From such a dry old BOHN a
Mere drop of nourishment, I racked
My brains o'er *de Corona*;

And lest in prose I might forget
The lighter Muses' frolics,
In leisure hours myself I set
To VIRGIL's gay *Bucolics*.

Next, having failed again in those,
To my no small affliction,
For facts LEAF'S *Iliad* I chose,
While LIVY gave me fiction.

In short, whatever works you find
Within the regulations,
I've taken, and them all combined
In endless permutations.

And still I wonder how it falls,
Despite my best endeavour,
That I am doomed to fail in "Smalls"
For ever and for ever.

WITH ROD AND AIR-GUN.

Country notes by our own correspondent
on the spot.

It is with amazement that I have read in one or two esteemed contemporaries the remark that pied cats have been unusually scarce this season. To me, as an ardent devotee of the air-gun (the catapult is now held in the supreme contempt by all Primrose Hill sportsmen), this information comes as a keen disappointment. A friend of mine writing from the wilds of North Bayswater assures me that no less than two of these sprightly little animals have fallen to his gun during the present century; which is an uncommonly good bag, I should imagine, considering the reports of this particular feline's scarcity



Voice from the Ditch. "DON'T JUMP HERE!"
Irish Huntsman. "AND WHAT WOULD YE BE AFTER DOWN THERE? WATHER-CRESSES?"

now current. For my own part I have had but one decent shot at a pied cat, and then I fortunately missed her. It was my dear and very wealthy old aunt's, and she would never have forgotten or forgiven.

Disciples of the bent-pin have had some disappointing sport in the round pond on Hampstead. Evidently, the minnow is partaking of the wide-spreading influences of popular education, and is not so open to the crooked argument seductively dangled before its eyes as is popularly supposed. A friend of mine, who persists in advocating the pleasures of deep-sea fishing over freshwater—or as fresh as can be got—sends me a long letter from Margate, where he says quite a host of well-known piscatorial personalities are to be seen daily thronging the jetty. Catches of crab and harbour eels, he writes, average one in every two minutes. One of the advantages of deep-sea fishing, says my friend in parenthesis, is the pleasurable absence of sardine tins and old shoes. To the most philosophic line-dangler, the sight of such aquatic débris on the end of his slender string

brings a distrustful doubt as to whether some forms of British sport and recreation are not over-estimated.

For me, exciting as salt-water fishing is held to be, I think nothing beats the exhilarating, thrilling, and slightly perilous sport of "tiddler fishing," as it is so pleasantly and familiarly called. I spent all last Sunday morning casting over our pond, after having with great difficulty penned all the ducks. I did not actually catch anything, although I noticed with my pocket-telescope that several tiddlers nibbled the bread and swam off. Next Sunday I am going to bait with brown bread, which is considered very digestible; and, after all, why not make your sports as humane as possible?

"As she is spoke."

In the Train from Nice.

Enthusiastic Golfer (to friend, as train stops at Golfe-Juan). Oh, here we are! This must be the place. "Golfe," golf. "Juan," *jeu*, play, you know. Yes, this is evidently the station for the Links!

DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

VII.—IN THE LYONS DEN.

WHEN Lord LYTON provided the conventional "happy ending" for *The Lady of Lyons* by reuniting Pauline, *née Deschappelles*, to the devoted Claude Melnotte, promoting the latter to the rank of Colonel in the French army, he seems not to have troubled his head as to the divergent social ideas of the happy pair, nor as to how the vulgar and purse-proud family of Deschappelles and the humbler Melnottes would get on together. The sequel throws a lurid light on these points. In writing it, great pains have been taken to make the blank verse, wherever possible, as bad as Lord LYTON'S.

SCENE.—*The drawing-room of CLAUDE MELNOTTE'S house. PAULINE is sitting by the fire, CLAUDE leaning with his back against the mantelpiece. JAMES, a man-servant in livery, enters with a card on a salver.*

Pauline (reading card). Mrs. SMITH! Not at home, JAMES.

Claude (who can never quite get out of his habit of speaking in blank verse).

Why are you not at home to Mrs. SMITH?

Pauline. My dear CLAUDE, that woman! Mr. SMITH kept a greengrocer's shop. 'Tis true he made a great deal of money by his contracts to supply the armies of the Republic with vegetables, but they are not gentlepeople!

Claude (in his most Byronic manner). What is it makes a gentleman, PAULINE? Is it to have a cousin in the Peerage?

Pauline. Partly that, dear.

Claude (refusing to be interrupted). Or is it to be honest, simple, kind—

Pauline. But I have no reason for believing Mr. SMITH to have been more honest than the general run of army contractors.

Claude (continuing). Gentle in speech and action as in name?

Oh, it is this that makes a gentleman! And Mr. SMITH, although he kept a shop, May very properly be so described.

Pauline. Yes, I know, dear. Everybody calls himself a gentleman nowadays, even the boy who cleans the boots. But I am not going to give in to these unhealthy modern ideas, and I am not going to visit Mrs. SMITH. She is not in Society.

Claude (off again on his high horse). What is Society? All noble men—

Pauline (objecting). But Mr. SMITH isn't a nobleman, CLAUDE.

Claude. . . . And women, in whatever station born.

These, only these, make up "Society."

Pauline (patiently). But that's such a dreadful misuse of words, dear. When one talks of "Society," one does not mean good people, or unselfish people, or high-minded people, but people who keep a carriage

and give dinner parties. Those are the only things which really matter socially.

Claude. PAULINE, PAULINE, what dreadful sentiments!

They show a wordly and perverted mind. I grieve to think my wife should utter them!

Pauline (very sweetly). I wish, CLAUDE, you'd try and give up talking in blank verse. It's very bad form. And it's very bad verse, too. Try and break yourself of it.

Claude (off again). All noble thoughts, PAULINE—

Pauline. No, no, no, CLAUDE. I really can't have this ranting. Byronics are quite out of fashion.

Claude (relapsing gloomily into prose). You may laugh at me, PAULINE, but you know I'm right.

Pauline. Of course you're right, dear. Much too right for this wicked world. That's why I never can take your advice on any subject. You're so unpractical.

Claude (breaking out again). The world, the world, oh, how I hate this world!

Pauline. Now that's silly of you, dear. There's nothing like making the best of a bad thing. By the way, CLAUDE, didn't you say Mrs. MELNOTTE was coming to call this afternoon?

Claude. Yes. Dear mother, how nice it will be to see her again!

Pauline. It will be charming, of course. . . . I do hope no one else will call at the same time. Perhaps I'd better tell JAMES we are not at home to anyone except Mrs. MELNOTTE.

Claude. Oh, no, don't do that. My mother will enjoy meeting our friends.

Pauline. No doubt, dear. But will our friends enjoy meeting your mother? (Seeing him about to burst forth again) Oh, yes, CLAUDE, I know what you are going to say. But, after all, Lyons is a very purse-proud, vulgar place. You know, how my mother can behave on occasions! And if Mrs. MELNOTTE happens to be here when any other people call it may be very unpleasant. I really think I had better say we are not at home to anyone else.

[Rises to ring the bell.]

Claude. PAULINE, I forbid you! Sit down at once. If my family are not good enough for your friends, let them drop us and be hanged to them.

Pauline. CLAUDE, don't storm. It's so vulgar. And there's not the least occasion for it either. I only thought it would be pleasanter for all our visitors—your dear mother among the number—if we avoided all chance of disagreeable scenes. But there, dear, you've no *savoir faire*, and I'm afraid we shall never get into Society. It's very sad.

Claude (touched by her patience). I am sorry, my dear. I ought to have kept my temper. But I wish you weren't so set upon getting into Society. Isn't it a little snobbish?

Pauline (wilfully misunderstanding him). It's dreadfully snobbish, dear; the most snobbish sort of Society I know. All provincial towns are like that. But it's the only Society there is here, you know, and we must make the best of it.

Claude. My poor PAULINE. [Kissing her. Pauline (gently). But you know, CLAUDE, social distinctions do exist. Why not recognize them? And the late Mr. MELNOTTE was a gardener!

Claude. He was—an excellent gardener. Pauline. One of the Lower Classes.

Claude. In a Republic there are no Lower Classes.

Pauline (correcting him). In a Republic there are no Higher Classes. And class distinctions are more sharply drawn than ever in consequence.

Claude. So much the worse for the Republic.

Pauline (shocked). CLAUDE, I begin to think you are an anarchist.

Claude. I? (Proudly) I am a colonel in the French army.

Pauline. But not a real colonel, CLAUDE. Only a Republican colonel.

Claude (sternly). I rose from the ranks in two years by merit.

Pauline. I know, dear. Real colonels only rise by interest. [CLAUDE gasps.]

James (opening the door and showing in a wizened old lady in rusty black garments and a bonnet slightly awry). Mrs. MELNOTTE. [PAULINE goes forward to greet her.]

Mrs. M. (not seeing her). Ah, my dear son (runs across the room to CLAUDE before the eyes of the deeply scandalised JAMES, and kisses him repeatedly), how glad I am to see you again! And your grand house! And your fine servants! In livery, too!

[PAULINE shudders, and so does JAMES.]

The latter goes out.

Claude. My dearest mother! [Kisses her. Mrs. M. (beaming on PAULINE). How do you do, my dear? Let me give my CLAUDE'S wife a kiss. [Does so in resounding fashion.]

Pauline (as soon as she has recovered from the warmth of this embrace). How do you do, Mrs. MELNOTTE? Won't you sit down?

Mrs. M. Thank you kindly, my dear. I don't mind if I do.

[A ring is heard outside, followed by the sound of someone being admitted. PAULINE looks anxiously towards the door.]

Pauline (to herself). A visitor! How unlucky! I wonder who it is.

James (throwing open the door). Mrs. DESCHAPPELLES.

Pauline. Great Heavens, my mother!

[Falls back, overwhelmed, into her chair.]

Mrs. D. (in her most elaborate manner). My dear child, you are unwell. My coming has been a shock to you. But there, a daughter's affection, CLAUDE—(shaking hands with him)—how wonderful it is!



"A GENTLEMAN OF ALL TEMPERANCE."

Measure for Measure, Act III., Sc. 2.

Sir W-lfr-d L-ws-n (with his favourite, and, under certain conditions, harmless beverage, alluding to the beer-drinker). "I WOULD HAVE HIM POISONED WITH A POT OF ALE!"—AH!—SHAKESPEARE!"

(Vide Henry the Fourth, Part 1, Act 1, Sc. 3.)

Pauline. Dear mother, we are delighted to see you.

Mrs. D. Of course. I ought to have called before. I have been meaning to come ever since you returned from your honeymoon. But I have so many visits to pay; and you have only been back ten weeks!

Pauline. I quite understand, mother dear.

Mrs. D. And, as I always say to your poor father, "When one is a leader of Society, one has so many engagements." I am sure you find that.

Pauline. I have hardly begun to receive visits yet.

Mrs. D. No, dear? But then it's different with you. When you married Colonel MELNOTTE, of course you gave up all social ambitions.

Mrs. M. I am sure no one could wish for a better, braver husband than my CLAUDE.

Mrs. D. (turning sharply round and observing Mrs. MELNOTTE for the first time) I beg your pardon? [*Jeily.*]

Mrs. M. (bravely). I said no one could have a better husband than CLAUDE.

Mrs. D. (dumbfounded, appealing to Pauline). Who—who is this person?

Pauline (nervously). I think you have met before, mother. This is Mrs. MELNOTTE.

Mrs. D. (insolently). Oh! the gardener's wife?

Claude (melodramatic at once). Yes. The gardener's wife and my mother!

Mrs. D. (impatiently). Of course, I know the unfortunate relationship between you, CLAUDE. You need not thrust it down my throat. You know how unpleasant it is to me.

Pauline (shocked at this bad taste). Mother!

Mrs. D. Oh, yes, it is. As I was saying to your poor father only yesterday. "Of course, CLAUDE is all right. He is an officer now, and all officers are supposed to be gentlemen. But his relatives are impossible, quite impossible!"

Claude (furiously). This insolence is intolerable. Madame DESCHAPPELLES...

Mrs. M. (intervening). CLAUDE, CLAUDE, don't be angry! Remember who she is.

Claude (savagely). I remember well enough. She is Madame DESCHAPPELLES, and her husband is a successful tradesman. He was an English shop-boy, and his proper name was CHAPEL. He came over to France, grew rich, put a "de" before his name, and now gives himself airs like the other parvenus.

Mrs. D. Monster!

Pauline. My dear CLAUDE, how wonderfully interesting!

Mrs. M. (rising). My son, you must not forget your manners. Mrs. DESCHAPPELLES is PAULINE'S mother. I will go away now, and leave you to make your apologies to her. (CLAUDE tries to prevent her going.)

No, no, I will go, really. Good-bye, my son; good-bye, dear PAULINE.

[*Kisses her and goes out.*]

Mrs. D. If that woman imagines that I am going stay here after being insulted by you as I have been, she is much mistaken. Please, ring for my carriage. (CLAUDE rings.) As for you, PAULINE, I always told you what would happen if you insisted on marrying beneath you, and now you see I'm right.

Pauline (quietly). You seem to forget, mamma, that papa was practically a bankrupt when I married, and that CLAUDE paid his debts.

Mrs. D. I forget nothing. And I do not see that it makes the smallest difference. I am not blaming your poor father for having his debts paid by Colonel MELNOTTE; I am blaming you for marrying him. Good-bye.

[*She sweeps out in a towering passion.*]

Pauline. Sit down, CLAUDE, and don't glower at me like that. It's not my fault if mamma does not know how to behave.

Claude (struggling with his rage). That's true, that's true.

Pauline. Poor mamma, her want of breeding is terrible! I have always noticed it. But that story about Mr. CHAPEL explains it all. Why didn't you tell it to me before?

Claude. I thought it would pain you.

Pauline. Pain me? I am delighted with it! Why, it explains everything. It explains me. It explains you, even. A Miss CHAPEL might marry anyone. Don't frown, CLAUDE; laugh. We shall never get into Society in Lyons, but, at least, we shall never have another visit from mamma. The worst has happened. We can now live happily ever afterwards. St. J. H.

(Curtain.)

ENTRANCED.

[In America an applicant for divorce has pleaded that he was "hypnotised into marriage."]

AH, me! How true!

I too, I too,

With merely a difference, wear my rue;

For my years were few,

And her eyes were blue,

And they pierced my soft heart through and through,

Till my senses flew

As a youth's will do,

And behold I was wedded or ever I knew!

Did I crave a boon

Of Sir FRANCIS JEUNE,

Like this whining cur of a Yankee loon?

Ah, no! for soon

In my honeymoon

All reason was lulled by love's sweet tune,

That I fain would croon

Through life's high-noon—

Hail to thee, Mesmer! I'm still in a swoon.

MILITARY DIALOGUES.

HOW IT SHOULD NOT BE DONE.

The General's office at the headquarters of a district. In the room two tables covered with green baize, a row of red-covered books on each; an almanack, list of returns, etc., are on the green-papered walls, strips of carpet are on the boarded floor. A fine view of parade ground and barracks is obtained through two windows. A smart young General, who has just taken over command, in undress uniform, a row of medal ribbons on his coat, a "swagger stick" under his arm, is standing before the fire-place, an elderly Staff Officer is sitting at the smaller of the two tables.

The General. We'll make our garrison field-day on Thursday the real thing, CHAPMAN, eh? We'll have a fight under the absolute conditions of warfare and no make-believe, except that the cartridges shall be blank instead of loaded ones.

The Staff Officer (who has been through it all before). Yes, Sir.

The General. Have out the whole brigade. How many can we muster?

The Staff Officer. Well, Sir, the big draft for India, volunteers for Africa, and the 200 horses they've been called upon to provide, allowed for, the Dragoons won't stand more than a hundred strong on parade. The battery will send out four guns. The Rutlands, if we suspend musketry and military training, and put all the recruits in the ranks, may stand 300. The Southern Fusiliers, who find the guards that day, about 200, and the Ballinasloe Rifles, 250.

The General. But, good gracious me, what becomes of the men?

The Staff Officer. Orderly men, Sir, garrison employ, fatigue duties, men in hospital, men on light duty, men on guard, men coming off guard, men on picquet and police duties, orderlies, men struck off all work by special order, men at Aldershot, cooking, gymnasium classes, men away for mounted infantry, submarine-mining, gunnery, and surveying training.

The General. Stop, stop; that's enough. My brigade shrinks to a regiment.

The Staff Officer. The parade will be "as strong as possible," Sir.

The General. Well, now, as to place (Spreading on the bigger table an ordnance map.) I see there's a fine stretch of down and common land here, twenty miles to the north. We'll send our red force out there on Wednesday to camp, with all military precautions, and—

The Staff Officer. How about transport, Sir? We sent the draft horses of the regimental transport to Plymouth, on an urgent order last week, and the waggons have been returned to the carriage factory to have experimental brakes put on them. The Commissariat have only sufficient vehicles for the barrack work.

The General. Hire.

The Staff Officer. No fund available. Besides, Sir, the last time there were manoeuvres on those downs, the commoners put in a claim for destruction of turf and gorse, and got it, and no manoeuvres may now take place there without special orders and a special grant.

The General (running his finger over a tract of enclosed country). What about this bit of land round Strawfield?

The Staff Officer. Compensation for crops, compensation for hedgerows, compensation for trees, compensation for ground game—quite impossible, Sir.

The General. Then where on earth are we to fight?

The Staff Officer. There is the big drill-field just outside the town, Sir, that has always been used for the purpose.

The General. And every officer and every man knows every inch of it.

The Staff Officer. We try to give a variety to the "general idea," Sir. On the last field-day the garrison bakery was supposed to be an inaccessible hill, the garrison chaplain's garden, which juts into the field, was an inundation, and the railway, which cuts across the end of the field, was supposed to be an unfordable river. The time before we practised desert warfare, and the bakery was considered a mosque, not to be occupied by either force, the chaplain's lawn tennis ground was an oasis, and the railway a precipitous gorge.

The General. And what do you suggest this time?

The Staff Officer. To make the field-day thoroughly useful, I would suggest South Africa, the railway a donga, the bakery a krantz, the tennis ground a vlei.

The General. Yes, yes.

The Staff Officer. Will it be necessary under the circumstances to close the regimental shops, put the officers servants in the ranks, and suspend musketry?

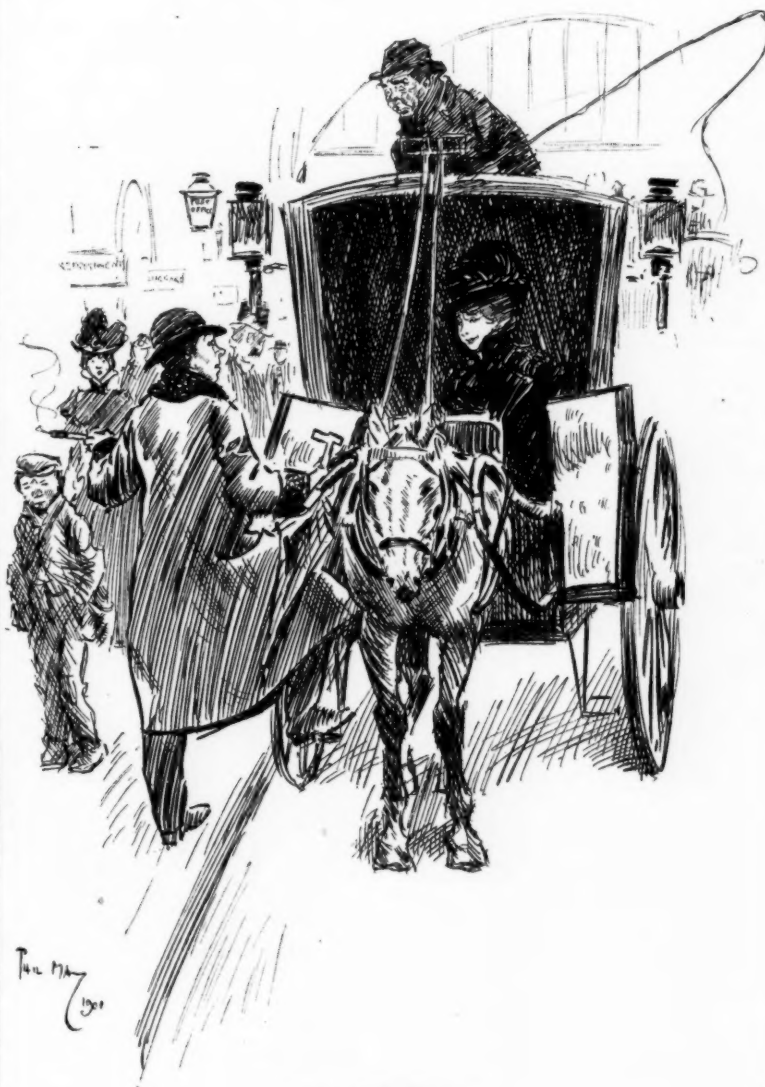
The General. Do what you like. I sha'n't stay here to see such tomfoolery. Let the senior colonel take command. I'll go up to town that day. N.N.-D.

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

MUCH diligence having been evinced by the Daily Press in hunting up precedents for the pageant of last Thursday, Mr. Punch's own Constitutional Quidnunc has selected a few of the more vital points in which the present resembles, or differs from, earlier ceremonies:—

Famous Creams.—The horses which took part in Thursday's procession are not the same as those which drew Queen VICTORIA to her coronation.

Gun Salute.—We have searched HOLISHED in vain for any mention of a similar ceremonial on the accession of King ALFRED.



FORETHOUGHT.

Anxious Wife (to absent-minded husband, who has just directed the Cabman to drive to Scotland Yard). "CHARLIE! WHY ON EARTH DO YOU WANT TO GO TO SCOTLAND YARD!"

Absent-minded Husband. "WHY, YOU KNOW, DEAR, I AM CONSTANTLY LEAVING MY UMBRELLA IN A CAB, AND THEN NEXT DAY GOING TO SCOTLAND YARD TO GET IT BACK, SO THIS TIME I'M GOING TO TAKE IT STRAIGHT THERE MYSELF, AND THEN THERE CANNOT BE ANY MISTAKE."

Royal Robe.—The number of tail-tips in King EDWARD'S ermine lining, which is computed at upwards of 10,000, is quite the largest on record.

House of Commons.—We are assured, by an eye-witness of last week's ceremony, that in the rush after the SPEAKER to the House of Lords several members sustained severe injuries. This is strictly in accordance with precedent.

Royal Address.—The KING did not follow the example of his illustrious great-grandfather in addressing the august assembly as "My Lords and Turkey-Cocks."

State Ornaments.—It is understood that the buckle on the left shoe of the Lord bearing the Cap of Maintenance presented striking dissimilarities to that worn by any of his predecessors on former occasions.

A YEAR LATER.

(Fragment of a Romance by the Shade of Alexandre Dumas père.)

"Now, I command you to go to England," said JOSEPH BALSAMO, extending his hand in the direction of the sleeping girl.

"Master, I am there, all there!" she murmured in a far-off voice.

"You are in London."

"Yes, I am in Leicester Square."

"Why are you in Leicester Square?"

"Because, in your day, all Frenchmen went to Leicester Square or the Vauxhall Bridge Road."

"But I wish you to go to Sydenham to see the Crystal Palace."

"I am at Sydenham, but I cannot see the Crystal Palace."

"Why not?"

"Because it has been swallowed up by the trembling of the earth."

"Now you are at Hampton Court; you are looking for the pictures."

"Yes, but I cannot find the pictures."

"Why cannot you find the pictures?"

"Because the Palace which contained them has vanished, shaken down by the trembling of the earth."

"Well, now you are at Greenwich. Enter the Hospital."

"Yes. Am I to take what remains of the Nelson Relics?"

"No, but you are to look at the picture gallery."

"But I cannot find the picture gallery, for it has disappeared. The hospital has disappeared!"

"Has it also been shaken down by the trembling of the earth?"

"Yes. It has shared the fate of the Crystal Palace and Hampton Court."

"And what is the cause of the destruction of property? This trembling of the earth?"

The girl was silent.

Then, after a long pause, came the reply in the same far-off voice—



Fond Parent. "No—SHE WON'T WORK! SHE NEVER WOULD WORK!! SHE NEVER WILL WORK!!! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING—SHE'LL AVE TO GO OUT TO SERVICE!"

"The cause of the destruction of the Crystal Palace, Hampton Court, and Greenwich Hospital, and other public buildings—"

"Yes—I will know!"

"Is the completion of the tube railway between Hammersmith and Charing Cross."

And the girl relapsed into a heavy sleep.

FOLLOWING FOOTSTEPS.

(Page from the Diary of an extra special Special.)

Monday. On the track. Sure to catch him to-day. Hear that he is dining at

a restaurant. Get under the table and wait. But useless—he never came. Foiled, but after him to-morrow.

Tuesday. I will drag his secret from him. He shall tell me what he knows of the secret trust which has attracted so much attention in the contents bills. Once more hounding him down. Followed him to Liverpool and back, but he eluded me at Euston. But to-morrow I find him. Yes, to-morrow.

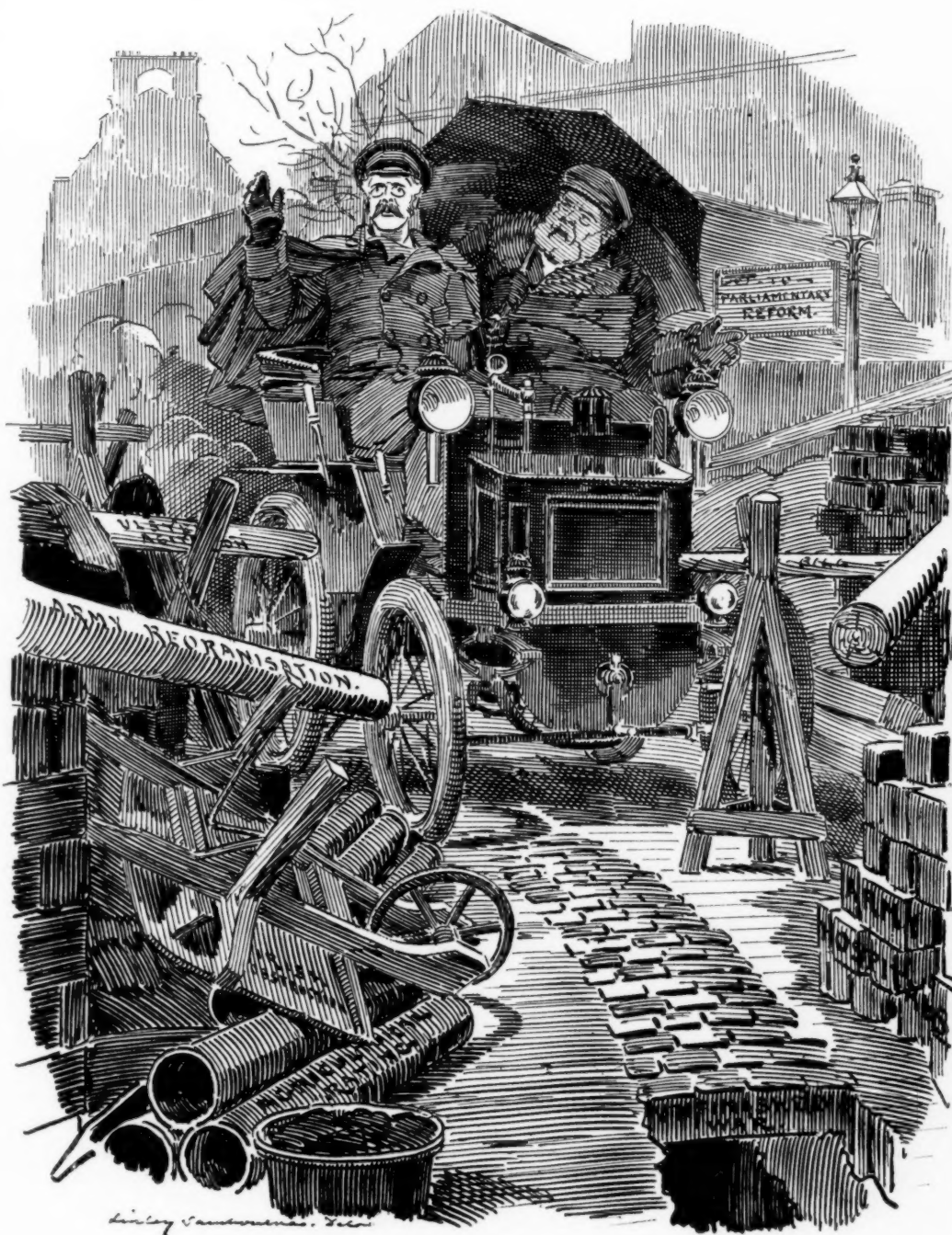
Wednesday. He knows he is shadowed. I have been everywhere after him, but always five minutes too late. To the Abbey, to Kensal Green, to Smithfield, to Covent Garden and then to Richmond and Kew. But never quite in time; but I take him to-morrow.

Thursday. Missed him at the wedding. Missed him at the funeral. Followed him to the picture gallery, but he escaped. Held on to the cab as he left the theatre. But too late! Always too late! Better luck to-morrow.

Friday. — He is in full flight, and I in full pursuit. I

corner him. Now for "copy." He is safe! He cannot leave the house, and as the door is opened I can enter it. Everything ready for to-morrow.

Saturday. — I triumph! I enter! I am in his presence! and then I find—that I have been following the wrong man! Well, mistakes will occur even in the best regulated investigation of sensational news!



DIFFICULT STEERING.

LORD SALISBURY (TO ARTHUR BLER). "HANG THESE 'IMPROVEMENTS' ARTHUR! DO YOU THINK WE SHALL GET THROUGH?"



THE EVOLUTION OF A MUSICAL COMEDY.

[It is presumed, gentle reader, that you have, at some time or other, been present at one of those feasts of mirth and melody which are so popular in the Metropolis nowadays. Unless you happen to be "in the know," the following account of how such a feast is concocted may be of interest.]

PROEM.

The Invocation.

SPRIT of Entertainment, fickle fay!
Where, in the theatre-going world to-day,
Dost thou hold firm and undisputed sway
Second to none?
Is it in melodrama fierce and hot?
Is it in problem plays with little plot?
Here thou may'st rest awhile, but they do not
Long enough run.

The Poet's
Fancy.

Boisterous farce will sometimes make a hit,
Drawing forth laughter till our sides should split;
Comedy, crusted o'er with verbal wit,
All have their day.
But, for a venture like to draw the town,
Even though morbid pessimists may frown,
Give me the much extolled and much run
down

Musical play.

Type of an age that's frivolous, may be,
Owing a lot to Fashion's stern decree;
Many an hour of harmless pleasantry
Still it affords.
Sparkling with melody that comes and goes,
Mirth that delights and *mise-en-scène* that
glows,
Who is to wonder at such tempting shows
Holding the boards?

The Reader to
follow his
Leader,

Some, through these pages, may be glad, perchance,
Into the hidden works to take a glance,
Noticing how such blends of song and dance
Reach their success.
No carping curiosity we mean,
But, from a passing glance behind the scene,
Probably more instruction we may glean
Than one might guess.

CANTO THE FIRST.

The Manager.

Come, let us trace the fountain to its source;
Follow with me, with deferential tread,
Unto the Manager, for he, of course,
Is the presiding spirit and the head
Of all those schemes which, emanating hence,
Startle the town with their magnificence.
Into his sanctum pass through outer doors
Thronged all about, from morning until night,
With histrionic applicants in scores,
Seeking employment, howsoever light.
This is but one small trial, you must know,
Of the successful *impresario*.
Commander of a mighty host indeed,
In town and in the provinces as well,
Many a staunch lieutenant does he need
To deal with business more than one can tell;
Yet, when in doubt, on him they have to call,
The Alpha and the Omega of all.
And yet, see what a kindly smile is this,
As ev'ry nervous applicant he greets;
It seems to say there's nothing much amiss
With all the latest box-office receipts.
Fair the reward of such an one as he,
Who studies carefully the great B. P.

The Manager
seeth necessity
for a novelty.And sum-
moneth his
adherents.Pegasus
breaketh into
a canter.

Reaping the harvest of his last success,
—Though it, no doubt, is not the only one—
His managerial mind is, more or less,

At ease throughout the fulness of its run;
Still, for the greatest of dramatic booms,
Far, far away, the mournful last night looms.

While time upon its steadfast course may fly,
His gay productions brave the flight of years;
And hundredth nights are celebrated by
The giving of *recherché* souvenirs.
But, as I fancy I remarked before,
An end for ev'rything must be in store.

So, when he sees, as some sad day he will,
That the amount of weekly booking falls;
While pit and gallery no longer fill,
And "paper" finds its way into the stalls;
He knows that piece is practically dead,
And he must get another one instead.

Forth goes the managerial decree,
"A play, a play; my kingdom for a play;
Constructed from the well-tried recipe,
But flavoured with the topics of to-day:
A show that does not strain the intellect;
In fact, just what my patrons will expect.

"Gather around me, proven men and true,
As you have gathered more than once before,
Authors and lyrists and composers too
(Success is what the latter have to
'score');
And, authors, please be good enough to
show
A satisfactory scenario!"

Straightway they come, responding to his
call,
Racking their brains for notions up-to-
date;
Fall of their past experience, and all
Anxious and willing to collaborate.
For, in an entertainment of this kind,
"The more the merrier," please bear in
mind.

It's a quite indisputable fact,
That in musical comedy "books"
(Chiefly frivol and froth)
You do *not* spoil the broth
By employing a number of cooks.
In a show that has got to attract,
All philosophy's quite out of place;
You have got to be "smart,"
Though the patrons of Art
Very likely will pull a long face.
But then Art with a capital "A"
Doesn't thrive in a musical play!

If the dialogue's written by A,
The construction is managed by B;
Then the lyrics, no doubt,
Will be duly turned out
By the efforts of C, D and E,
For the music, melodious and gay,
That will linger in ev'ryone's head,
Some examples you try
Both of X and of Y,
With additional numbers by Z.
Oh, variety's certain to pay
In the score of a musical play! P. G.
(To be continued.)

CONTRA VIM MORTIS!

[“Recent edicts indicate a desire to institute immediate reforms on the part of the Emperor of China, who is calling for the return of those reformers who were active two years ago. Unfortunately, most of these have been beheaded since.”—*Reuter*.]

The Mandarins to the Powers:—

NEVER believe that We oppose reform.

The “Boxers” put us in a false position.

We merely bowed before the recent storm.

And so would any prudent politician.

The Emperor is anxious to recall

The councillors by whom reforms were mooted.

Unfortunately very nearly all

Those gentlemen have since been executed!

Should you induce the Empress to retire—

Between ourselves, she is a perfect ogress—

His Majesty would show a keen desire

To tread once more the primrose path of progress.

’Tis she alone prevents the carrying out

Of those reforms to which his heart is wedded,

And KWANG and FENG would help him, there’s no doubt—

But they, unluckily, have been beheaded!

We will maintain, as long as we have breath,

He’d rally the Reformers to his banner,

Had they not, most of them, been put to death

In some uncomfortable Chinese manner.

Aided by these he would establish peace,

Redressing all the grievances you mention.

Unhappily their premature decease

Compels him to abandon his intention!

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAP. VIII.

*Of the Edinburgh Review—Of Hares and Stags and Foxes—
The origins of Fox-Hunting.*

LET us imagine, then, that you have primed yourself with all the lore contained in that excellent *Edinburgh Review* article to which I referred you last week. You have had a good day’s hunting: the scent has been keen, the hounds have run like smoke, your ardent but docile bay has carried you to perfection, the fox has been pulled down in the open, and you have spared a pitying thought for the fate of this gallant marauder, dying game to the last in the remorseless serimmage of his pursuers. Now, with a glow of healthy fatigue tingling through your whole body, you are walking or jogging homewards with a few companions. The incidents of the day have been exhaustively discussed; you turn to more general matters. One of the sportsmen may remark that there exist on the face of the earth races of men so hopelessly abandoned as to shoot or trap foxes. A groan of horror comes from his companions; their manly British breasts heave with emotion at the dreadful thought. This is your opening:—

Young Rider. Well, for the matter of that, we used to massacre foxes in England.

First Sportsman. Rats!

Young Rider. No, not rats, foxes. Give you my word of honour we did. (*Sensation.*)

First Sportsman. Get out! Do you mean to say we used to kill ’em without hunting ’em—eh, what?

Young Rider. Certainly, we did. People began with hare-hunting. They used to place nets over foxes’ earths, smoke ’em out and kill ’em with clubs. There was a Solicitor-General who said it wasn’t foul play to knock foxes and wolves on the head.

[*A pause, indicating polite incredulity.*

Second Sportsman. Oh, you mean back among the ancient Britons, or the Druids—Boadicea, and all that?

Y. R. Not a bit of it. Fox-hunting didn’t begin properly till close on the seventeenth century, and even then they didn’t think much of it.

Second Sportsman (putting a poser). What did they think much of, then?

Y. R. Oh, hare-hunting or stag-hunting. But the only people who hunted stags were the big-wigs, the great nobles with large estates who could do the thing in style.

First Sportsman (still incredulous). Stag-hunting?

Y. R. Yes, stag-hunting.

Second Sportsman. But, I say—not carted stags!

Y. R. No, no. Real stag-hunting, not what a fellow in a review calls “that grotesque, but harmless parody of sport, the chase of the carted deer.”

First Sportsman. Ha, ha! that’s good! Grotesque but harmless thingummy—that’s capital! These writing chaps do get hold of an idea sometimes—eh, what?

With this I advise you to pause awhile. At this point you’ve got your company with you. You have filled them with contempt for the past and a hearty satisfaction with the present, and have left them with the idea that they are far finer and more knowing fellows than the paltry folk who, in by-gone centuries, were ignorant of the glories and delights of fox-hunting. But if you pursue the matter, they’ll begin to think you know too much, or that they themselves might conceivably come under the suspicion of knowing too little. So you may keep for a future occasion such tags of information as that Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, who opened before all other despatches the letters from his huntsman, was a hare-hunter; or that the original Vine Hounds did not give up the hare for the fox until 1791, or that Lord ARUNDELL OF WARDOUR is believed, on good authority, to have kept the first pack of fox-hounds between the years 1690 and 1700; or that this same pack was sold to the “famous Mr. HUGO MEYNELL, who was the real father of modern fox-hunting.” All these matters you will find set out in a very pleasant way in the article I have mentioned—these, and many other matters such as, for instance, the tragic end of “Prince” BOOTHBY, brother-in-law to Mr. MEYNELL. It is recorded that after a breakfast of cold tea at his lodging in Clarges Street, and a ride in Hyde Park, he blew out his brains because he was “tired of the bore of dressing and undressing.” “*Mon fils*,” so the father of M. de Camors wrote to his son, “*La vie m’ennuie. Je la quitte*,” and quit it he did, surely enough, and possibly, if the truth were known, his weariness of existence came not from the larger boredoms of life, but from the interminable tedious repetition of unbuttoning and going to bed and getting out of bed and re-buttoning. And in the days of the Regency, when “Prince BOOTH” lived and died, there were many buttons to be attended to.

HEADS OR TAILS, OR BOTH?

THE British Government cries “Heads!” but the Chinese Government declares that the result of the “toss-up” is “tails,” and of these, without the heads, the Chinese do not object to making a present to the Foreigners. As sang FLEURETTE in PLANCHÉ’s extravaganza of *Blue Beard*—

“How can you think my head I’d spare,
As if I’d others by the score?
’Stead of my head cut off my hair
And I will trouble you no more.”

and *Blue Beard* makes much the same reply as the British Government might on this occasion—

“If you have but one head to wear
You should have thought of that before,”

And forthwith bids her prepare for her fate.



Riding-master. "DON'T LET HER HAVE HER OWN WAY, SIR! PUT HER OVER THE HURDLE! STICK TO HER!"

A SUSPENDED PENALTY.

[In a recent address, Lord NORTON stated that it was as hard to get hanged nowadays as it used to be easy.]

AVERNUS, take it not amiss
Modernity encroaches,
And makes no longer *facilis*
This one of thine approaches.

Have we not other pathways made
As sure, if not so wheezy,
By which descent into thy shade
Is reasonably easy?

The bicycle, the oyster-bed,
Thou couldst not wish us alter,
Nor yet our arsenic and lead—
Then why regret the halter?

With pom-pom shells, and patent pills,
Man's shift is still a short 'un;
So be content with human ills,
Eh? Hang it all, Lord NORTON!

SHAKSPEARE ON DRINK ADULTERATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Knowing you to be an earnest student of the Immortal Bard and, as your name implies, an authority on strong drink, I venture to point out to you that SHAKSPEARE proves that the adulteration of certain alcoholic beverages

was as well known in his day as it is in ours. For instance, *Camillo* in the *Winter's Tale* speaks of a—

"Lingering dram that should not work maliciously like poison."

Again, *Falstaff* knew as much about strong drink as any man in his day, and what does he say?

"Let a cup of sack be my poison!"

Then he denounces the liquor at the famous Boar's Head Tavern, in East Cheap, in these unmistakable terms:—

"You rogue, there's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man, yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it!"

That's pretty straight evidence, Sir, isn't it?

But probably more striking than any other passage in the works of the Divine WILLIAM, are the convincing words of the *Queen* in the last act of *Hamlet*:—

"Oh, my dear *Hamlet*. The drink, the drink! I am poisoned!"

In these modern days of stage realism I suppose any one of our up-to-date manager-actors would make the *Queen* point to a handsome tankard, which had been filled from a silver jug labelled "Beer," held by one of the attendants, who, having taken a sip or two on the sly would now be seized with qualms, and would join the



Pupil. "I NEVER COULD DO TWO THINGS AT ONCE."

other sufferers in the final tableau of *Hamlet*.

Pretty conclusive proofs of adulteration are those given above, are they not Sir? And you can take it from me, that what SHAKSPEARE didn't know about the tricks of the trade in drink in his own time was not worth knowing. Another quotation (not included in the foregoing) from the Anti-Baery Bard may, perhaps, receive additional emphasis from the point of a pencil.*

Yours thirstily,

BARDOLPH, Junr.

* Vide "Cartoon Junior."

WAKING THEM UP AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

The Awakening, by Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS, is not another specimen of the modern "Problem Play," nor is it a play of which the success is problematic. Its success, we may fairly take it for granted, is already achieved, and thereupon are to be complimented Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, and the excellent company now under his management at the St. James's Theatre. But if *The Awakening* offers no problem, does it give a probable basis whereon to build up the play? The basis is, that a young girl, owing all her education in art, literature, religion and morals, to the loving and tender care of her widowed father, an artist of some repute, with whom she had lived in the country till his death, after which she continued to reside in the same cottage (if that can be called a cottage, of which in one room alone could be given a dance for some sixty persons or more; but let this pass—some parties, especially heroines, are so uncommonly lucky), attended only by an old and attached nurse (as *Juliet* might have been had she been left an orphan), and a maid (mentioned but invisible) employing her leisure in painting and perhaps occasionally making a trifle by it (but this is not clear), should be, after a very brief and slight acquaintance, so fascinated by the charms of a youngish (thirty or thirty-five?) gentleman, visiting in the neighbourhood, as to have taken his invitation to call upon him in town seriously; and that this young English *Juliet* should have suddenly, *proprio motu*, packed up her portmanteau, bade *au revoir* to her nurse, and have returned to town, put up at an hotel formerly frequented by her father (which is a saving clause, and accounts for her being served with a perfect little dinner), and then, having secured a first-rate hansom, with a polite, good-looking driver and a first-rate horse (O exceptionally lucky *ingénue*!), should have been taken straight away to this fascinating gentleman's abode, whence hearing he had "company" she drives away to nowhere in particular, returning, however, at about 10.45 just in time to catch her *Romeo*, who happening to be an early bird, is on the point of retiring for the night. She is admitted, and then, after awhile, he, acting always, as far as the audience can tell, with a certain amount of proper caution, sees her home. That is the start of it all. Admit all this as a probable basis, and there's nothing to be said except that the author has constructed upon it a very well-written, very pretty, and highly entertaining play.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who seems to have made up his mind never to "make up" his face in modern comedy, gives us a carefully considered study of character in the person of Mr. James St. John Trower, a gentleman who, posing as a conventional cynic, occasionally fatuous, with a dormant sense of honour and a very slight appreciation of humour, becomes a convertite of a very high grade when true love, which includes all that self-sacrifice entails, has cast out of him the demon of egoism, by which he was possessed.

Miss FAY DAVIS, as that most ingenuous of simple-minded *ingénues* Olive Lawrence, must have been most accurately

measured for the part by Mr. CHAMBERS, so perfectly does it become her, and so admirably does she suit it.

Mr. H. B. IRVING's *Lord Reginald Dugdale* is a delightful creation of a nondescript sort of person that might find a place among the eccentric beings in one of Mr. LEAR's Nonsense Books. This *Lord Reginald* (there seldom now-a-days is a comedy without a "Regi" in it) is a composite character, made up apparently out of materials which recall *Master Modus* in *The Hunchback*, Basil Georgione in *The Colonel*, Lord Verisopht (in the presence of Kate Nickleby), *Master Slender* (sighing and doting on sweet *Anne Page*), and *Lord Dundreary*: indeed, had Mr. H. B. IRVING met with the exceptional chance that caused *Lord Dundreary* to supersede the hero in *The American Cousin*, it would be quite on the cards that this part could be so developed and magnified as to put all the others into the shade. The audience accepts the character, little as there is of it, at Mr. IRVING's valuation, and delight in whatever *Lord Reginald* does or says. He has very little to do and not much

to say, but he and Miss GRAXVILLE, as *Miss Prescott* (quite the most original and, at the same time, most natural part among the principals in the piece), crown themselves with such laurels of comedy as are accorded only to a very first-rate performance of the antiquated love scenes, between *Helen* and *Modus*, in *SHERIDAN KNOWLES's The Hunchback*.

Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON, as *Lady Margaret Staines*, the representative of the chief of "Jim" Trower's many conquests among married ladies of title, artistically triumphs in rendering this character so odious—especially in her scene where she plays the *ELEANOR* to *Olive's FAIR ROSAMUND*—as to banish all sympathy with her from the hearts of the spectators. The author tries to let her down easily in the last act, but we only pity him for this weak concession to commonplace good-nature. It is a really remarkable impersonation.

Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS, as the boyish *Cecil Bird*, typical of the latest "form" in fast juvenility, is, as *Cecil* would express it, "about as good as they make 'em."

Mr. VINCENT, as *Jarvis*, the butler, needs no character, except his own most conscientious reading of this one, for his next place.

By Miss TALBOT's artistic rendering of *Mrs. Selby*, the nurse to this new *Juliet*, is to be obtained all the insight into her young charge's character and history that may make for, or against, the probabilities of the plot as they have already been herein stated.

Miss JULIE OPP, as *Mrs. Herbertson*, one of *Jim Trower's* minor victims in society, does to perfection all that the author requires of her, which is not of an exhaustive character.

In brief, the piece is thoroughly well acted all round. One word as to the generally well written and evenly-balanced dialogue of the piece. Quotations from scripture, placed in the mouths of any characters in a comedy for the mere purpose of raising a laugh by the smartness of their application, can never be considered as specimens of good taste on the part of the author, nor on the part of those responsible for the production of the piece, from the Licensor of Plays down to the stage-



THE MATINÉE HAT OF A SWAZI WARRIOR.

manager. But when one of these quotations, viz. "One shall be taken and the other left" (it is surely needless to remind either Licenser, author, or actor, Whose these words are), is only introduced as something sharp in order to provoke a laugh, which, from the thoughtless, it obtains, it is surely time to demand of author, actor and Licenser that any such quotations from scripture should be at once eliminated from the spoken dialogue. We all know who it is that can quote scripture to his purpose, and naturally Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS would object to be coupled with a *collaborateur* who during all these years has never produced one single good work, and what is more, never will.

This is the only fault to be found with the dialogue, which otherwise is good throughout and excellently well delivered. Mr. ALEXANDER'S house is now well furnished for the next six months.

ANTHROPOLOGY ILLUSTRATED.

"It is a commonplace of philosophers that the childhood of the individual symbolises the childhood of the race."—*The World.*

LITTLE lad with garments tattered,
Threadbare, stained and mud bespattered,
Bleeding nose and dirty face,
Though askance a cold world eyes you
Science still can recognise you
As a symbol of our race.

When with shriek of piercing treble
You discharge the well-aimed pebble,
And our front-door panel dint,
You, conventions thus defying,
Are the traits exemplifying
Of a distant age of flint.

When the pence for which you scramble
Still at pitch-and-toss you gamble,
As your sport the expert cons,
Your disgraceful occupation
Is to him a revelation
Of the period of bronze.

So, despite your garment-tearing,
Rude behaviour, vulgar bearing,
Deafening yell, ear-splitting screech,
Pedagogues, who birch and spank you,
Rather ought by right to thank you
For the lessons that you teach.

FULL CRI!

SIR,—I head this letter to you "Full Cri," that being my playful way of giving you to understand, sportingly and sportively, how full the Criterion Theatre was on the night of my visit. This Farcical Comedy—or, rather, I should describe it as this Whimsical Farce—in three acts, an old form of some of our best farces, when the nineteenth century was yet quite juvenile, is about as funny, as droll (*c'est le mot*) a piece of absurdity as I've seen for many a long day. It has been



Visitor to Country Town (who has been shown over the Church). "AND HOW LONG HAS YOUR PRESENT VICAR BEEN HERE?"
Sexton. "MR. MOLE, SIR, HAS BEEN THE INCUMBRANCE HERE, SIR, FOR NIGH ON FORTY YEAR, SIR!"

running for some months, and seems to be going strong now and as fresh as fresh. Why did I not see it weeks and weeks ago? Why? Because it was unanimously "damned with faint praise," by the principal dramatic critics in the papers; at least, in all those that I read at the time, and so, credulous creature that I am, I was put off the scent, and said to myself, "Nay, this is not good enough." At last, by accident, I visited the theatre. "Laugh!" as CHEVALIER DE COSTER says, "Laugh! Lor'! I thought I should ha' died!" Never was WEEDON GROSSMITH more inanely funny, rarely has the jovial Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS been more surprisingly humorous, and as for the Lord Archibald of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, well—his acting is worthy of one of the smartest farcical-comedy parts ever written. The whole piece represents the impossible made possible, and that's how, at first, as I fancy, it did not "catch on." There isn't a poor part, nor even a weak

line of dialogue in it from beginning to end.

The ladies are "A1"—all, individually and collectively. Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT is over-poweringly funny, Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS the very perfection of farcical-comedy playing, that is, in real earnest: nor is MISS ANNIE HUGHES a whit behind in this respect, though *her* part is very difficult and is the one which goes at first against the grain of an audience until its utter-farcicality is realised, and then it is relished immensely. All the other ladies look well and act well their individual parts, for every one of them is in her degree a "character." CAPTAIN MARSHALL ought to be our best comedy writer in the not very dim or distant future. "All hail, MACMARSHALL! that shalt be more hereafter!" Yours, Sir, truly,

ONE OF HIS WELL WISHERS.

P.S.—But oh, Cap'en, why did you give this piece such a stupid title as *The Noble Lord*?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HERBERT VIVIAN sets forth to pay a morning call on King MENELIK with as light a heart as if his Majesty lived at Lancaster Gate. The record of his journey is presented in *Abyssinia*, a handsome volume published by Mr. PEARSON. It is chiefly made up of letters contributed to that enterprising little journal, the *Daily Express*. Descending on a country little known to Europeans (except such as form units in an army of invasion), Mr. VIVIAN brings to his task the gift of keen observation and the power of lively description. His account of the barbaric dance arranged for his edification on his arrival at Gildessa is a vivid picture. Although on pleasure bent he was of a frugal mind. "Don't bring the whole village," he said, to his head man. But they all came—at least, when the dance was over, there were 600 waiting to

STEEVENS, whom the Gods loved and took early, has much to answer for. His style of journalistic work, vivid, highly coloured, bristling with point, has fatal attraction for writers of quite other capacity. It is easy to reproduce, in debased style, some of its peculiarities. Hence, in certain journalistic circles, grievous falling away from the high level it was once the pride of the London Press to maintain. However, in this volume is the well of pungent picturesque writing undefiled. Let us drink at it, says my Baronite, and be thankful.

PRO-BARON DE B. W.

COURT DRESS.

SIR,—How very awkward is the description of the Court costume as ordered to be worn on certain occasions, i.e. "Full dress with trousers." Emphatically "with trousers."



[“The Master of Aston Workhouse ascertained that some of the Paupers were artistically inclined, and set them the task of decorating the board-room.”—*Daily Mail*.]

WHY NOT ESTABLISH ART SCHOOLS IN ALL THE WORKHOUSES! SUGGESTION GRATIS TO THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

be paid. Mr. VIVIAN found MENELIK at home when he called. The conversation long flagged. When it came to a dead stop, the morning caller remarked “People in England take an extreme interest in Ethiopia.” Encouraged by the King’s reception of this pleasing remark, Mr. VIVIAN asked that he might be graciously favoured by being made transmitter of a message to the English people. The King consented, and my Baronite remembers reading the message in the columns of the *Daily Express*. It struck him at the time as resembling rather the literary style of Tudor Street than of Addis Ababa. However, it was very interesting; and so is the book, its value largely increased by eighty illustrations from photographs taken on the spot.

On the belongings of the late Mr. STEEVENS reaching this country, his widow found among them six letters he had failed to get through for newspaper publication. They are included in an enlarged edition of his book *From Capetown to Ladysmith*, published by BLACKWOOD. The volume, fourth of the Memorial Edition, includes his equally well-known *Egypt in 1898*.

Supposing it was “Full dress with hats.” This would be in contra-distinction to “Full dress without hats.” But what is included in “Full dress”? Well, at first sight the uninitiated would say “everything.” That is, shoes and buckles, silk stockings, knee-breeches, vest, coat, tie, gloves, &c., &c. Very good: then any courtier in “full dress” must, if “with trousers” be added, wear these as “overalls.” He cannot come to Court in “full dress” carrying his trousers over his arm. At least, it doesn’t at first sight seem quite the correct thing. Will you, Sir, enlighten

“ONE WHO DOESN’T KNOW”?

NURSERY RHYME.

PUSSY cat, pussy cat, what news d’ you bring?

“I’ve been to London to see the King.”

Pussy cat, pussy cat, what heard you there?

“King, Lords and Commons indulge in a ‘swear.’”